

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

VOL. XXXI

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UP IN THE WILD

Up in the wild, where no one comes to look,
There lives and sings a little, lonely brook:
Liveth and singeth in the dreary pines,
Yet creepeth on to where the daylight shines.

Pure from their heaven, in mountain chalice
caught,

It drinks the rains, as drinks the soul her thought;
And down dim hollows where it winds along,
Pours its life-burden of unlistened song.

I catch the murmur of its undertone,
That sigheth ceaselessly, Alone! Alone!
And hear afar the Rivers gloriously
Shout on their paths toward the shining sea!

The voiceful Rivers, chanting to the sun,
And wearing names of honor, every one:
Outreaching wide, and joining hand with hand
To pour great gifts along the asking land.

Ah, lonely brook! Creep onward through the
pines;
Press through the gloom to where the daylight
shines!

Sing on among the stones, and secretly
Feel how the floods are all akin to thee!

Drink the sweet rain the gentle heaven sendeth;
Hold thine own path, howeverward it tendeth;
For somewhere, underneath the eternal sky,
Thou too shalt find the Rivers, by and by!

—*Adeline D. T. Whitney.*

THE RESURRECTION OF THE SPRING

WINTER we call the death of the year. Yet to what a miracle of life does all this tend! The silence and the rest only hide the inward processes by which the earth is preparing itself for motion and color and sound. Winter may be cold or warm, may linger or haste away, or turn out and growl us a snowy good-bye a month after

we were thinking he had gone—but it makes little difference, after all. The heralds soon arrive, and then the gay procession of life marches in, in order. The green tide comes pouring up from the south, pressing over the hills and running through the river valleys, and presently not one inch that can wear green but is bathed in the living glory. The trees, swelling with buds, set their brown nets in its path, and soon the meshes are full of crinkled leafage and the white and crimson blossoms. Mosses wake and steal into their rooty arms, and the vines creep up their bodies.

No secret place is left unvisited by Spring. The lone plant in a desert, the seed buried under a dead leaf in the wood, or prisoned in the crevice of a city pavement, the dry bush, we hung up in the cellar last November out of sight, the very potatoes in the barrel—all hear the whisper, and feel the touch, and turn to life again.

In the dry tropics, Spring will come, if she can come no other way, down the sun-baked channel of an empty river—the springtime that the traveler, Baker, saw far up one of the great branches of the Nile. He tells us how his party had been traveling weary days through the plains of Upper Egypt. Everything was death-stricken from the heat: no grass, no green; the water of the river had shrunk to little lakes, a mile or two long, lying scattered here and there along the dry bed. And these pools swarmed and throbbed with the concentrated life of the big river: fish, crocodiles and hippopotamuses crowding there together in unhappy families. One night, when the men were camped as usual in the sandy channel, he heard a dull and distant noise. It grew loud, and louder. It woke the Arabs, who knew the sound and sprang to their feet, shouting, "The river! The river!" and they scrambled for the banks. And then they heard the River come—marching down through the night on its journey to the sea.

When the morning broke, a yellow flood, hundreds of yards across, rolled at their feet, in

what at night had been a dry and sunken pathway through the desert. Far away, up in the mountains, the rainy season had begun, and thus sent greeting to the plains.

In two days the face of the whole country had changed around the travelers. Water was all that the solitary place needed to make it blossom like a garden. The mimosa trees budded on the bank; the birds found their way, singing, to the branches; the deer came down in companies to drink. The green spread and deepened like a dye; and it was spring!

Thus everywhere, in one form or another—underground, dissolving minerals for the sucking rootlets; mounting through a million secret tubes inside young stems and solid trees; descending from the skies in sunshine and in showers; riding on the rivers—comes Spring in the gladness of the Resurrection.

What makes this miracle of spring? The motion of our May, vast as it is, and beautiful, is but a little stir in the eternal Resurrection process by which the sun mothers all motion on the earth. A little more, a little less of sunlight—that is all that makes the play of the seasons. The earth, in its round, places itself so that the rays fall more vertically on its surface, and the deed is done. Only that, and nothing more, and lo! the south winds blow, the rivers run, the frozen ground turns into flowers.

Let us leave the world of fields and skies, and enter that of man. Here, if we speak our word and listen, it will echo for us from every part of human experience.

We die from one day to another. We live only by dying. The doctors say our very bodies are changed, atom by atom, every few years; you are not quite the same persons you were when you met the last time. In mind, in character, who doubts our fact? A young man grasps, at last, the real purpose of his life; a girl leaves her school and enters on home duties; what is that but a dying of the boy and girl—a resurrection to the man, the woman? Then, perhaps, they awake to the feeling that they are living lives of busy selfishness, and uselessness, and sin; and, with deep heart-searching and repenting, with prayer and vow and earnest struggle, they consecrate themselves to something better. It is the fairest of resurrections—a dying of the poor self, a rising to the nobler self. Friends well name it the revival, the new birth.—*W. C. Gannett, in "A Year of Miracle."*

A JOKE ON THE CAT

A BOOK recently published in England, called *Some Birds of the Country-Side*, tells of the author's seeing this funny encounter of a crow and a cat:

One afternoon I saw four crows ambling about some fifty paces from me and also what seemed to be the tail of another coming out from behind a tussock. But the thing was no tail at all; it proved to be a black cat that was much interested in the crows. He would stalk one of them and then make a flying leap for him. What did the crow do? He gazed contemptuously at the cat and when the assassin was almost upon him he gravely took a couple of sidewise hops out of his reach and turned his back.

Again and again the cat rushed, and each time one of the crows evaded him with a mixture of ease, calm and mildness and an air of "What ails you, my good friend?" that was ludicrously discomposing to the cat. The other crows, which in feeding had made a circle round the animal, either took no notice of him at all or threw an occasional compassionate glance at him. Now and then they all stopped feeding and gazed at him as we might gaze at some person who is making a fool of himself without being aware of it. At no time was the cat more than three or four yards distant from any of the birds. Finally, he simply gave up trying to catch one of them and retired, looking so crestfallen that the crows, watching his departure, seemed to pity him more than ever.

One day sometime later I saw the same black cat stalking a solitary crow that with his back turned was feeding on the plowland. Suddenly the bird looked round and saw his enemy. It was too much! The crow gave a shout of rage and, leaping into the air, hovered several feet above the cat and then made swoops to within a few inches of his nose and whiskers. All the while the cat sat back on his haunches as if attacked by a dog.

Finding that he would not move, the crow went higher and began to trumpet "caws" for all he was worth. Then, behold, from different quarters came a reinforcement of two crows, shouting encouragement to the solitary warrior. Having joined forces, the three swooped down close to the cat and, fluttering their wings, sang their hoarse battle songs. Whereupon the cat turned tail, walked, trotted, galloped and finally bolted headlong. The triumphant crows pursued him right into the street, two hundred yards away, and then abandoned the chase.

Dr. Eaton, a former president of Madison University, was beloved by the students. One day, a student who had spoken in debate asked him what he thought of the effort. The doctor looked at him and then said slowly, "Edward, if you would pluck a few feathers from the wings of your imagination, and stick them in the tails of your judgment, you would make better speeches."

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.
Tel. Granite 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

OFFERS

THE Brookline (First Parish) Branch offers the following. Address Miss Martha W. Suter, 116 Warren St., Brookline, Mass.

Plays

Acting Charades.
The Fool's Revenge.
The Hunchback.
Ici on parle français (in English).
King of the Commons.
Lend Me Five Shillings.
Married Life.
Paul Pry.
The Poor Gentleman.
Princess Ida.
The Red Chignon.
Richelieu.
Santa Claus' Frolics.
Simpson & Company.
The Thunderbolt.
'Twixt Axe and Crown.
The Wedding March.

Poetry

Poems, by Ambrosius.
Aurora Leigh, by Mrs. Browning.
Liber Amoris, by Carpenter.
In Nazareth Town, by Chadwick.
Poems, by Hartley Coleridge.
Waifs, and Their Authors, by Hopkins.
Hymns of the Ages.
Poems of Love and Childhood, by Ingelow.
Lyra Germanica.
The Christian Life.
Lucile, by Meredith.

Miriam.

My Airedale, and Other Verses.

Poems, by Sewall.

A Tragedy of Errors.

A Tragedy of Success.

Books on the World War

The Silent Watchers (British Navy), by Copplestone.
Germany and England (the book that foretold the war), by Cramb.
War Thoughts of an Optimist, by Gould.
Letters from France, by Guiner.
Kitchener's Mob, by Hall.
A Student in Arms, by Hankey.
My Year of the Great War, by Palmer.
Italy, France and Britain at War, by Wells.
Martial Adventures of Henry and Me, by White.
Current numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

THE following books are offered by All Souls' Branch, N. Y. Apply to Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High Street, Montclair, N. J.

Dreams, by Schreiner.
The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, by Ibanez.
The Winning of Barbara Worth, by Wright.
The Adventures of Captain Horne, by Stockton.
The Strangers' Wedding, by George.
The Talisman, by Walter Scott.
Les Misérables, by Victor Hugo.
A Case in Camera, by Onion.
Ransom, by Roche.
Zeppelin's Passenger, by Oppenheim.
The Happy Warrior, by Hutchinson.

The Talleyrand Maxim, by Fletcher.
 The Green Ring, by Koteliansky.
 Mystery of the Hidden Room, by Harney.
 The Tall Villa, by Lucas Malet.
 Aspasia (2 vols.).
 Mr. Ingleside, by E. V. Lucas.
 Pony Express, by G. D. Bradley.
 John Burroughs: in Remembrance (paper).
 Thomas Carlyle, by Froude.
 Giovanni Verga, by Fisher Unwin.
 Memories of a Hundred Years, by Hale.
 John Stuyvesant, Ancestor, and Other People,
 by Johnson.
 Memoir of Caroline Herschel, by Mrs. J. Herschel.
 Great Senators, by Dyer.
 Reminiscences of Carl Schurz (vol. 1).
 A Backward Glance at Eighty, by Murdock.
 The Yosemite, by Bruce.
 Sunshine and Roses, by Downes.
 Souvenir of Pilgrim Plymouth.
 Life in Paris, by Houssaye.
 Nantucket, by Starbuck.
 Wilderness Ways, by Long.
 A Mexican Journey, by E. H. Blechfeldt.
 The New Map of Asia, by H. A. Gibbons.
 New Italy, by Zimmern and Agresti.
 Greece and the Ægean Islands, by Marden.
 Mosses from an Old Manse, by Hawthorne.
 New Testament (Revised Version).
 The Seven Ages of Man (Shakespeare).
 Words.
 Morningside Plays, by Barrett H. Clark.
 Dictionary of Medicine (printed in 1888).
 Elementary History of Our Country, by Tappan.
 The Pardoner's Wallet, by Crothers.
 Hohenzollerns in America, by Leacock.
 Endymion, by Beaconsfield.
 Dope, by Rohmer.
 Seeing Things at Night, by Brown.
 Health Tracts, by Hall (M. D.).
 Journal of Health, by Hall.
 Ghost Stories (paper binding).
 Pleasures of Taste, by Taylor.
 Getting on in the World, by Matthews.
 Yesterday, Today and Forever, by Bickersteth.
 A Man for the Ages, by Bacheller.
 The Way of Peace, by Allen.
 Walter Greaves, by C. Bruton (paper).
 Shakespeare Proverbs, by Mary Cowden Clarke.
 A Nest of Linnets, by F. F. Moore.
 History of Modern Architecture, by Fergusson.
 Taine's "Notes."
 Table-Talk—Coleridge.
 Sesame and Lilies, by Ruskin.
 Efficiency in the Houseland, by Franks.
 Curiosities of Literature, by Disraeli.
 American Art Magazine, March, 1922, to February, 1923.
 Atlantic Monthly, February, 1922, to December, 1922.

REQUESTS

1. I am a woman in bad health and spend a lonely life, not able to go to church, and shut in. I see in a copy of the *Cheerful Letter* that you will send books and magazines and other good reading matter. Will you please send me and my husband and my two small children some books or magazines to read? (Mrs.) Carina Baldwin Albemarle, N. C., Box 4.

2. I would appreciate very much the *Red Book Magazine* or the *Current*. Thank you in advance. J. L. Candell, Bina, N. C.

3. I would be glad if someone would send me the book called "Lena Rivers," or any good reading, as I enjoy reading very much. I would be glad to receive pieces for my quilts, and my little sister would like picture books or cards. I hope I haven't asked for too much. I am eighteen years old and have two sisters and three brothers. Dovie E. Hall, Elamsville, Va.

4. I am writing to ask if you would ask the *Cheerful Letter* friends, the same as you did last year, to send me sweet-pea seed and gladiolus bulbs. These will sell. I have felt so grateful to all who have helped me. I am alone on earth, and not able to work, yet I have to do everything. I can to help myself. I try to make braided rugs, but it is hard to get pieces. I do want my little garden full of seed in the spring, the same as last year. You did help me so! God will reward you, I know. Someone is sending me the *Cheerful Letter*, and I am so thankful to get it. I do hope you will feel you can ask again for seed. Often I say to myself that He who careth for the sparrows will not forget me. You know sweet-pea seed has to go in early, but the first of April is time enough. My eyes are bad, and I can't do much writing, but I always try to answer all I can, I feel so grateful. (Miss) Esther A. Ford, Winterport, Maine.

5. Miss Alice Bullard, 1526 Grand Central Avenue, Elmira, N. Y., will be most grateful for good reading, which will be shared with others in the Home for Aged Women.

6. I am a widow woman with three children, from a six-year-old boy to a six-months-old baby. I would appreciate any kind of good reading, and cards or pictures for the children. Should be glad to have patchwork pieces to work on. My health is run down, and I haven't anyone to help me. (Mrs.) Kittie Turner, care of Georgia G. Massey, Elamsville, Va.

7. It has been quite a while since I have received any reading from the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I would be glad of some more—a good

book, and "Pilgrim's Progress" for the children, with some picture and story books for the little boys, aged seven and eight. I wish to thank the friends for past favors. They are certainly doing a great work for the people here in these mountains. I have six children—a boy eighteen years old, three girls, sixteen, fourteen and twelve. (Mrs.) Lou N. Turner, Dodson, Va., Box 13. .

8. Will some good friend send me a "Life of Abraham Lincoln"? I wish every one of you a happy, prosperous year, and I thank you again. (Mrs.) H. C. Martin, Vinton, Va., Box 71.

9. We have had lots of sickness in our country since Christmas, and many deaths—most of them being young people. We have a little girl living with us named Katie Seal. Her mother has a young baby and is not able to take care of her, too, so we are doing the best we can for her comfort and pleasure. She does not go to school, as we live too far away for her to go, so we are teaching her at home. She is nine years old and very intelligent. We would be especially glad of school books, picture books, or anything for her amusement. She gets lonesome, as there are no small children here for her to play with. She is now in the First Reader; has been through it twice. I am a young housekeeper and would be glad of any scraps for a quilt. I enjoy working on them, and the winters are long and cold. (Mrs.) B. G. Whitlock, Mine Run, Va.

10. I live in the country, seven miles from the nearest town; have two little boys—Haywood, nearly five, and Baron, two years old. Haywood is beginning to learn his letters and is eager to listen to stories. I would appreciate some reading matter for him and for myself, and I would like a correspondent. (Mrs.) J. S. Howard, Polkton, N. C., Route 3.

11. It would be pleasing to receive from our *Cheerful Letter* friends any of the following books: Tolstoi's "War and Peace" or "Anna Karenina"; "The Swiss Family Robinson"; "Jane Eyre"; "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson." I am grateful to those who in years past have kindly sent me reading matter. (Rev.) F. W. Keene, 501 Cleveland Street, Raleigh, N. C.

12. Mrs. Malinda Johnson, Wayton, Ark., living thirty-five miles from the railroad in an out-of-the-way community in the mountains of northern Arkansas, will be very glad of magazines and books, also pictures and reading for her children, Angie M., aged ten, and Walter J., aged eight years.

13. Mrs. Abbie Howard, 272 Grove Street, Bangor, Maine, asks for quilt scraps or knitting-yarn. She is caring for four fatherless children.

14. Mrs. W. A. Foley, Bassett, Va., Route 1, will be glad of magazines and quilt scraps.

15. Mrs. J. A. Martin and Miss Berta Martin, Wadesboro, N. C., Route 1, will be glad of reading matter.

16. Mrs. Minnie Bonine, Ironsburg, Tenn., with six children (the oldest fifteen), will be glad of any reading.

17. We have a very dear old lady in our neighborhood, who is eighty-two years old. She is unable to get out much, except to her chicken house. She has an Edison phonograph. I was just thinking: So many people have cylinder records which they are tired of, yet these would be new to her, and help to pass away the lonely hours. She lives alone, near a daughter's house. If it is improper to ask for records, please excuse me for asking. We gave her a few, and she was so pleased to get them! Her address is Mrs. E. B. Morris, Bridger, Mont.

18. I wish to thank those who sent me reading, as I have lost their addresses. I should appreciate any books for my four pupils, such as "Little Women," "Five Little Peppers," "Rab and His Friends," or any of Miss Montgomery's stories. (Miss) Fay Teeple, Bridger, Mont.

19. Mrs. Edna P. Flake, Wadesboro, N. C., is in very poor health. She and her husband live alone, and will be glad of "good Christian reading."

20. I would appreciate good books and magazines, also quilt scraps and bits of embroidery thread. I have three children—a boy of six, a girl of four, and a baby ten months old. My husband and I both love to read, but we are not financially able to buy these things. We will pass on all reading matter, for there is no public library close by, and we are not the only ones who feel the need of something to read. For reference, write to Rev. J. W. Candell, of Bina, N. C. (Mrs.) Claud Cockerham, Smethport, N. C.

21. Can you help me to get a Webster's New International Dictionary? I would be so glad, for I do want one so much—it would be such a good study for me. Please do not think me selfish; but I would like some good books; I enjoy stories such as the "Home News Supplement." I thank you for your kindness, and I do hope I can have a dictionary, soon! (Mrs.) M. Bates, 1409 Des Moines Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

22. Mrs. W. B. Trammell, Athens, Texas, Route 1, Box 45, the mother of four boys and two girls, will be glad of any reading, especially the *Home Companion*.

23. I am a girl fourteen years old, in the eighth grade. I would be very glad to receive good books suitable for my age, as I am not able to buy them. My pastor is Dr. Edger Graham Gammon, Hampden Sidney, Va. Sennett Simpson, Farmville, Va., Route 2.

24. Mrs. Bennett Lewis, Athens, Texas, will be grateful for the following for school use: "Gray's Elegy," "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "Jungle Book," "Call of the Wild," "Dr'i and I," "Stories from the Heart of the West," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Old Creole Days." She has three daughters in high school who have to read these books, and she feels she cannot afford to buy them.

25. Mrs. Lydia A. Martin, Campbell, N. C., Route 1, living on rented land, cannot afford to buy reading, will appreciate anything for her family—a husband and four children aged fifteen, nine, six, and three years.

26. Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson, No. 3210 East Market Street, Marietta, Lancaster Co., Pa., asks for a French grammar and dictionary and any other books that will enable his boys to learn French. They are great readers and would appreciate receiving any other book or magazine, no matter how old or otherwise out-of-date it might be.

27. Grace and Estelle Biles, Norwood, N. C., Route 2, sisters, aged eighteen and twenty, living in the country where there are few amusements, get lonely, and will appreciate Shakespeare's Plays and any other good books.

28. Mrs. Nancy C. James, Maywood, Nebr., Box 63, asks for reading for her children: Kenneth L. Gordon, aged fourteen, would like any of Zane Grey's; Margaret A. Gordon, aged twelve, would like any of Louisa Alcott's; Ethel James, the five-year-old one, will be pleased with cards.

29. Mrs. Mary Curry, Spencer, Va., Route 1, Box 41, will be glad of light stories.

30. *Needlecraft* and a large-print Bible are asked for by Mrs. Cornelia Simpson, Ansonville, N. C., Box 212.

31. The *Country Gentleman* is asked for by Miss Ada Shuff, Dodson, Va., Route 1, Box 28.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled
oar

Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the old North
Church,

By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.

Now he patted his horse's side,
 Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
 Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
 And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
 But mostly he watched with eager search
 The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
 As it rose above the graves on the hill,
 Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
 And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
 A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
 He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
 But lingers, and gazes, till full on his sight
 A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
 And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a
 spark
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
 That was all! And yet, through the gloom and
 the light
 The fate of a nation was riding that night;
 And the spark struck out by that steed, in his
 flight,
 Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village, and mounted the steep,
 And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
 Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
 And under the alders that skirt its edge,
 Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
 Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
 When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
 He heard the crowing of the cock,
 And the barking of the farmer's dog,
 And felt the damp of the river-fog
 That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
 When he galloped into Lexington.
 He saw the gilded weathercock
 Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
 And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
 Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
 As if they already stood aghast
 At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
 When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
 He heard the bleating of the flock,
 And the twitter of birds among the trees,
 And felt the breath of the morning breeze
 Blowing over the meadows brown.
 And one was safe and asleep in his bed
 Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
 Who that day would be lying dead,
 Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
 How the British Regulars fired and fled—
 How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
 From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
 Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
 Then crossing the fields to emerge again
 Under the trees at the turn of the road,
 And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
 And so through the night went his cry of alarm
 To every Middlesex village and farm—
 A cry of defiance and not of fear,
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
 And a word that shall echo forevermore!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass.]

I

Twisted Names of Shakesperean Plays

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Nioluaroos. | 6. Theftinlgwhit. |
| 2. Suiluj Resaca. | 7. Likerang. |
| 3. Themal. | 8. Letoohl. |
| 4. Bathmec. | 9. Petmelseth. |
| 5. Tieasilokuy. | 10. Goinhnhkj. |

II

Twisted Authors

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1. Callot. | 5. Gdode. |
| 2. Tsneo. | 6. Rrwna. |
| 3. Tntoyl. | 7. Dbnwlia. |
| 4. Wsote. | 8. Dksniec. |

III

Twisted Cities

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| 1. Ottidre. | 6. Mielbo. |
| 2. Asn Iofenarcs. | 7. Rpdntaol. |
| 3. Opvederein. | 8. Ofuafl. |
| 4. Lorbameit. | 9. Hetduul. |
| 5. Lygtsaeno. | 10. Noobts. |

(These puzzles are from the *Beacon*.)

A circuit court judge of Pennsylvania was systematically affronted by a lawyer, a political opponent. A friend asked him: "Why don't you squelch the fellow? He needs it." "Well," said the judge, musingly, "up in my home town there's an ugly yaller dog that, whenever there is moonlight, sits on the stoop and howls until the town can't sleep, and generally keeps it up till daylight." He then resumed his dinner. The friend in amazement inquired, "Well, what of it?" "Well," said the judge, slowly, "the moon keeps right on."

Answers to puzzles in the March number

I. FEBRUARY ACROSTIC:

1. HEROIC
2. EL PASO
3. NASSAU
4. ROBBER
5. YVETOT
6. WALRUS
7. ARMAGH
8. DELPHI
9. SHRIMP
10. WARROO
11. ORLOFF
12. REDEEM

13. TIVOLI
14. HANDEL
15. LOCATE
16. OPTICS
17. NAPLES
18. GIMLET
19. FATIMA
20. EDISON
21. LIQUID
22. LIPARI
23. OSIRIS
24. WABASH

II. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA: *Washington.*

III. ENIGMA: *Lincoln's Birthday.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc., also letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music and letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th St., New York City.

There is more and more interest in "community" or neighborhood singing.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and eighteen libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.